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War-Ballads and Verses

Second Series



BY
William Hathorn Mills



Dedicated to Our Men-at-Arms

WAR-BALLADS
and
VERSES

Second Series

BY
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
THE BARNUM & FLAGG COMPANY
1918

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24 Aug. 1921
C.H.B.

A Trumpet-Call

MARCH, march, sons of Columbia;
March to the front where the Hun stands at bay;
What is Columbia's motto? "Justitia
Omnibus". Make it your slogan to-day.

March to the goal that lies splendid before you—
Peace with security: tyranny slain;
March to make answer to cries that implore you,
"Give us our homes and our freedom again".

March to exact from the foe reparation
For the foul wrongs he has done to the weak;
March to bring in, thro' this great tribulation,
Justice and Order—the day of the meek.

March, march, sons of America;
Answer not only to bugle and drum;
Hark! to your hearts speaks a tuba angelica;
Gabriel calls, and his summons is "Come".



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NOTE.—For details of facts see *The Times History of the War*; *Americans at the Front*; *The Living Age*, Nov. 11, 1916; *The Battle Glory of Canada*; *The British Californian*, March and May, 1918; *The Square Jaw*.

A Battle-Hymn

WHEN Israel, in the days of old,
 Against oppressors drew the sword,
 What stirred their hearts, and made them bold?
 This—that the war was of the Lord.

When Jesse's stripling son defied
 Goliath's vaunts, and laid him low,
 "The battle is the Lord's", he cried,
 And slung the stone that slew the foe.

Our war is of the Lord, and clear
 Sound in our hearts those battle-words;
 Fighting for God, we will not fear
 Aught, for the issue is the Lord's.

LORD of Sabaoth, at our side
 Marshal the armies of the sky;
 So shall we smite the despot's pride;
 So shall we break all tyranny.

The Cross on Calvary was a sign
 Of war—war waged for Truth and Right;
 Under that sign we fight; 'tis Thine
 Own cause; be Thine own strength our might.

'Tis in Thy name we join the fray—
 This earnest of earth's final strife;
 Lord of all power, be Thou our stay;
 Lord of all being, be our Life.

Volunteers

THEY passed from the Foreign Legion
 To the Aviation Corps:
 From the service of Ambulances
 To trench-work at the fore;
 What was the voice that called them?
 What sent them to the war?

Not their own country's peril;
 No harm had touched her yet;
 With some 'twas the bond of kinship—
 Race-ties they could not forget:
 With others a sense of duty
 To the land of Lafayette.

These claims, and the like, constrained them,
 And fired their chivalry;
 But the thought of thoughts that swayed them
 Was the love of Liberty,
 And, blent with that love, a passion
 Of generous sympathy.

And so, ere the Great Republic
 Had marshalled her war-array,
 Not less than fifty thousands
 Of her sons had found their way,
 As Ambulance-workers, airmen,
 And soldiers, to the fray.

The old Crusading spirit
 Is quick in each gallant soul;

Their names with the names of Heroes
 Stand linked on one muster-roll;
 The Firstfruits of the Nation,
 They have sanctified the Whole."

Mercuries

NOT less at home in upper air
 Than upon land or sea,
 Our airmen ride the storm and cloud,
 And, wheresoe'er they be,
 They do their stunts, and dare all risks
 As part of their industry.

Risks?—Aye, each moment they affront
 Death, and it makes no odds;
 They take all chances as they come—
 These dauntless pteropods; *
 'Twas of such stuff as this, I guess,
 Were fashioned the demigods.

Like birds they soar; like birds they glide;
 Like birds they mount and swoop;
 Not tumbler-pigeons can outvie
 Them, for they loop the loop;
 They dive to a hostile plane, and 'tis
 As the rush of an eagle's stoop.

The army's eyes, they are its scouts,
 And its intelligence;
 Their bombs on enemy trench and lair
 Fall as a pestilence;

But never a woman, never a child,
Has hurt from their offence.

Airmen of the embattled hosts,
Who fight for Liberty,
Lords of the air are ye, as are
Our sailors of the sea;
With fleets and armies shall ye share
The triumph of victory.

* An epithet of Hermes, whom the Romans called Mercurius.

Non Nobis

“LET not him that putteth on his harness boast
himself as he,
Who, as victor, puts it off”, exulting in his victory—
Thus of old did Israel’s monarch teach Benhadad
modesty.

* * * * *

“Make you ready for the battle, for your battle is
toward;
Aye, but as the stripling David faced Goliath’s spear
and sword;
Not with braggart word or action, but as soldiers of
the Lord.

“Other men have borne, are bearing still, the burden
of the fight;
Think of them as those whom duty led to battle for
the Right;

Count it honour that with them you're called to break
tyrannic might".

* * * * *

That is what the heart and conscience of the Great
Republic say;

That is how she bids her children arm them for the
far-off fray.

Answer, children,—“God be with us, and we'll fight
for Him for aye”.

Stet Capitolium

WHETHER he sings of high romance,
Or hymns the everlasting Sire,
Or suits his lay to choral dance,
Or scourges forms of base desire,
Or paints the lady of his choice,
Horace is still a living Voice.

Your sweetly smiling Lalage,
Whose spirit turned a wolf to flight,
Your little farm by Tivoli,
Bandusia's fountain crystal-bright,
Your haunts, your hospitalities—
Horace, they're all before our eyes.

Orbilius flogged you when at school;
You have our fullest sympathy,
For we remember a ferule,
That smote us oft and lustily;
Would it had gotten into us
A measure of your genius!

You sang how Regulus put aside
 The crowds encumbering his return,
 Refused his wife's kiss, and denied
 Her plea with answer curt and stern;
 "Rome must be saved; let cowards die"—
 We hear it yet—that haught reply.

How Paulus and how Cato died,
 Too staunch to fly, too proud to yield;
 How stout Marcellus turned the tide
 Of war in many a foughten field:
 How yeomen played heroic parts—
 You've stamped it all upon our hearts.

They left their farms to fight; they braved
 All pains of death; and, if they fell,
 What mattered it, so Rome were saved?
 Her weal safeguarded, all was well.
 The State must stand, tho' men may die—
 That was Old Rome's philosophy.

You made them household words—the names
 Of those who fought and fell for Rome—
 And you—your memory lives, and claims
 Place at their side in every home;
 Your bones lie on a Roman hill,
 Horace, but you are with us still.

Fiat Justitia

IMPERIAL Rome has passed; she had her day,
 And did her work—a work that gives her place
 Amid the names that stand, and shall for aye
 Stand, in the story of our earthly race.

States have their rise and fall, as man is born
 And dies; but what they do for Truth and Right,
 That does not die; quick as a seed of corn,
 It lives and rises and renews its might.

Rome had her faults, but of one quality
 Her vision was true vision; for she saw
 What justice means and claims, and that is why
 All later law is built upon her law.

She fell because, as she grew old, she grew
 False to that vision, and made tyranny,
 Not Right, her aim, till, eaten thro' and thro'
 By vice, she forfeited her empery.

The empire of the Huns shall fall, and fall
 Because it mocks at truth and righteousness,
 Because its watchword, "Deutschland above all",
 Is but a cry of pride and selfishness.

Justice demands that it should fall—demands
 That "frightfulness" and lies and the offence
 Of crimes that break the peace of peaceful lands
 Should be requited with stern recompense.

It means a long, grim struggle—means, maybe,
 That Armageddon's battle is toward;
 Yet shall the Right prevail, and presently
 Shall bring in the Millennium of the Lord.

A Valley of Shadows

THERE'S a strip—a shifting strip—of land
 Called "No Man's Land"; it lies
 Betwixt two hosts; on either hand
 War sets its boundaries.

You may hear, as you pass over it,
 The breath of dead men's sighs;
 You may hear, as from Abaddon's pit,
 The moan of dying cries.

It's a hell; it's no man's land indeed;
 It's swept by shot and shell;
 Ghosts haunt it; evil spirits speed
 O'er it; aye, it's a hell.

Yet soldiers cross it as they haste
 To charge the enemy;
 Doctors and Chaplains make its waste
 A field of ministry.

Death's shades brood o'er that wilderness;
 Its turf is a blood-stained sod;
 Aye; yet it may be none the less
 A stage to the Mount of God.

Une Orpheline de France

THE troops of France, forced to retire,
 Had crossed the Somme canal; a maid
 Opened the sluice gates, under fire,
 And for a day the Huns were stayed.

She, when the foe passed thro' next day,
 Remained, and, wheresoe'er she found
 A wounded son of France, straightway
 Bore him to shelter under ground.

One crippled man she nursed and fed
 For days; the Huns, by an ill chance,

Caught her and doomed her; "Do", she said,
 "That which you will. I am of France".

A shell, just in the nick of time,
 Scattered hard by its bric-a-brac;
 It stopped the Huns' intended crime;
 They fled, and then the French were back.

She went on serving France, despite
 All risks—now guiding a patrol,
 Now helping sufferers; naught could fright
 Her dauntless heart, her steadfast soul.

She stood for France against the Boche;
 For this la Legion d'Honneur
 Claimed her—this maiden sans reproche,
 Aye, and, as was Bayard, sans peur.

They gave her too la Croix de Guerre,
 In token of her gallantry,
 Who for her Motherland could dare
 All things, nor reck if she must die.

Who was this girl of girls? Was she
 Jeanne d'Arc's reincarnated shade?
 Well, who shall say? She claimed to be
 Just a French lass, a village maid.

While France can breed such maids as this—
 Daughters as valiant as her sons—
 She need not fear the rage, ywis,
 Of seventy million million Huns.

The Dear Old Duster

UPON the banner of our land
 As tho' three Saints stood hand in hand,
 Three Crosses, linked in union, stand.

They image more than what we see,
 For, like the shamrock's leafery,
 They figure threefold unity.

Saint George, the prince of England's knights:
 Saint Andrew, guard of Scotland's rights:
 Saint Patrick, who for Ireland fights:—

These three, who bore the Cross that they
 Might be its soldiers, day by day
 Stand in the forefront of the fray.

Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
 By their one faith, one hope, allied,
 They face all mischief, and abide.

Ah! Choir of Saints, you bid us be
 Ever and aye one company,
 Ever and aye a Unity.

The Red Triangle

INTO the trench, over the parapet,
 And the land that no man owns,
 With bomb, with rifle, and with bayonet,
 Goes Tommy, and makes no bones.

He's ready for any job, no matter what,
 That duty bids him do;

He tackles it, sticks it out, is on the spot,
And sees the business thro'.

He does his bit in trench and in dug-out;
Then needs and gets a rest;
Rested he's ready for another bout,
And keen to do his best.

But where shall he find rest—not rest alone
Of body, but rest of heart?
That's where the Red Triangle, on its own,
Came in and played its part.

Then the Church Army followed; East and West
These twin Societies
Comfort war-weary men, and give them rest
By tireless ministries.

Back from the firing line the fighters trudge,
Half dazed, half sick of life,
Just longing to forget—forget the sludge,
The stress, the din, the strife.

They reach the Recreation huts, and there
Find letters, book-supplies,
Games, music, hours of prayer, and everywhere
Kind words and friendly eyes.

There's magic in the change of thought and scene;
Strained nerves regain their tone;
There's no more worrying over what has been,
Or what is to be, done.

Red Cross and Red Triangle, signs are ye
Of noble things and blest;

And soldiers' "Welcomes"—huts or, it may be,
Just tents—are of the best.

Honour to all who serve this ministry!
Honoured not least be they
Who saw the need, saw its insistency,
And met it right-away.

Lost and Found

BOYS from the slums of London, where squalor and
crime belong,
Taken, and trained to the tempers of souls that are
clean and strong:

Taught that they're sons of Britain, and, as Britons,
must do no Wrong:—

They have answered to call and training; they have
learnt to love the Right;

They are keen to do their duty, and to do it with all
their might;

And now for Old England's honour they have gone
forth to the fight.

They have passed to the Front in thousands, and
have proved their mettle there;

On war-ships, in the trenches, in the navies of the
air,

You may find these boys from Slumdom—here, there,
and everywhere.

Look at the Roll of Honour; their names stand side
by side

With the names of Britain's heroes, who, whether
they yet abide

Here, or have crossed the border, are her glory and
her pride.

Or look at scenes of battle—Mons, Vendresse, La
Bassée,
Loos, Neuve Chapelle, Armentières, Hill 70, Suvla
Bay—
Each spot can tell of our Slum boys—how they bear
them in the fray.

There are Orders, badges, crosses, and medals, for
gallantry—
Distinctions marked by letters that are titles of high
degree;
Have Slum lads won such titles? Aye, up to the
proud V. C.

Left to their old surroundings in the slums of Lon-
don Town,
Into what sort of manhood would these same lads
have grown?
Would it have been a manhood of honour and fair
renown?

O Mission Schools of London, or wherever your
“forts” may be,
The Slum lads, that you rescued by your patient
ministry,
Shall rise up in the Judgment, and shall bless your
memory.

Bellator Equus

A WAR of engines, of machinery,
 Of tanks and submarines,
 Of battleships, airplanes, artillery,
 Of bombs and shells and mines—

That's what war is to-day; man-power, of course,
 Must work each instrument,
 Aye, and must fight; but the war-engine's force
 Rules the arbitrament.

But what was it that led in old-time wars
 The way to victory?
 Ask the Scots Greys; ask Vivian's Hussars:—
 That's Waterloo's reply.

But where shall the war-horse find work to-day?
 How can he charge a foe
 Hid underground? How can he burst his way
 Thro' barbed wires set arow?

Ah well, the destrier waits, tho' he has done
 His bit now and again,
 The while his rider, lance and sabre gone,
 Afoot hurls bombs amain.

Meantime who drags the lumbering guns along,
 Thro' swamp and water-course,
 Where tractors cannot pass—who but the strong,
 Patient artillery-horse?

War-horses of the Entente, among the days
 To come will be your day;
 We'd like, if ever the Uhlans face the Greys,
 To be not far away.

The L. B. D.'s

LITTLE, black-coated—yes, but not
 Devils; and yet the old-time name,
 The Indians gave them, has, I wot,
 A certain aptness all the same.

It spoke of dash, insistence, grit;
 Outmatched and beat at their own game
 The Indian braves acknowledged it
 In this terse phrase, not all of blame.

In the first year of the world-war,
 Ere yet the Huns had started gas,
 The L. B. D.'s went to the fore,
 To face whate'er might come to pass.

What came to pass was a foul blast
 Of poisonous fumes, a noxious stench
 That choked and dazed them; not less fast
 They held the line; none quit the trench.

Next came the Boches, as thick as fleas,
 Thinking the trench was now their own;
 Gasping for breath, the L. B. D.'s
 Rose to their feet, and mowed them down.

All that day long, with never a spell
 Of rest, they fought, nor budged an inch;
 Storm after storm of shot and shell
 Smote them, but could not make them flinch.

Bidden retire they disobeyed
 The order. Why? Because they knew
 A counter-push was to be made;
 They meant to back it, and see it thro'.

At last reliefs came; not till then
 Did they fall back for a change of air.
 That's how the Winnipeg Riflemen
 Interpret still their nom-de-guerre.

Good Samaritans

HOW do the dogs of Belgium fare
 In the changed order of today?
 Well, where their masters are, they are;
 Many, that is, are in the fray.

As war-dogs some are scouts, some bear
 Orders, some watch against the foe;
 In fact, here, there, and everywhere,
 Wherever the army goes, they go.

Some have dragged pom-poms to the Front;
 Some are attached to Red Cross Corps;
 And these are trained, and learn, to hunt
 For soldiers wounded in the war.

One of them finds a "casualty"—
 Hid by his own act, or by chance—
 Picks up his cap, and instantly
 Carries it to the Ambulance.

Then, nurse or doctor following,
 It leads to where the sufferer lies,
 And so brings help to him; the thing
 Is just a round of charities.

S. Bernard would have loved, I wot,
 These dogs, and set them by his own;
 Nay more, they share—why should they not?—
 The Good Samaritan's renown.

Draught-dogs of Belgium, you seem
 To make it almost possible
 To count the old-time Indian dream
 Well-nigh, if not quite, credible.

Near Gouzeaucourt

O YES, they were cooks and engineers,
 And it wasn't their job to fight;
 But the Hun broke thro', and a British post
 Hard by was in parlous plight;
 So they picked up rifles, and did their bit
 To hustle him back all right.

They cooked his goose, they blazed broad trails
 Thro' the thick of the charging mob;
 They stood at the fighters' side and fought,
 Tho' it wasn't at all their job,
 Till supports came up, and the Prussian rush
 Died out like a dying sob.

They're handy men—the men who hail
 From far Columbia's shore;
 If ever I get cut off, or left
 In the lurch, by a chance of war,
 Give me a bunch of such boys as these—
 Cooks, engineers, whatever your please—
 For at need they are sons of Thor.

A Testament

“MON corps a terre, mon ame a Dieu, mon coeur
 a France”—so ran
 The soldier's will—his testament found by the
 Ambulance;

It lay beneath his fingers, at the side of the dead
man—

Mute witness that his dying thoughts were to
the last of France.

“Mon coeur a France”. Is there a thing more won-
derful on earth

Than the deep love of Motherland, the passion-
ate reverence

That draws and binds her children to the Country of
their birth,

To fight for her, and, if need be, to die in her
defence?

Ah France, such sons as this are your true glory and
your pride;

Aye, and your hope—the promise of a better,
brighter day;

With such a brood about your knee, or weal or woe
betide,

You shall be France the Beautiful for ever and
for aye.

Ad Inferos

“‘THRO’ hell to heaven”, said one, “there lies
A way”, and our Immanuel,
When He reopened Paradise,
Passed to it thro’ the gates of hell.

Out of war’s hell there runs a path
For suffering souls and innocent,
And victims of man’s lust and wrath
Find it a pathway of ascent.

Daughters and babes of Belgium,
 Sent thro' a hell by brutal Huns,
 Be of good hope; your martyrdom
 Sets you by Bethlehem's little ones.

In the Great Father's kind embrace
 They passed beyond all death and sin;
 The fiends who wronged you—well, their place
 Is Tophet, with their kith and kin.

Pocket-Anakim

“BANTAMS”?—Well yes; they're undersized
 In thew and bone, in girth and height;
 Yet each is an epitomized
 Edition of a stalwart knight.

They fight for all that they are worth;
 Play all the warrior's rôle of parts;
 And you may search the whole wide earth
 In vain for pluckier, stauncher hearts.

All honour be to them who, when
 Officialdom had turned them down,
 Claimed right to serve as fighting men
 The Land which claimed them as her own.

There's a division of them now
 Fighting; and, by whatever name
 They go, they've proved themselves, I trow,
 Of the true mettle, “thorough game”.

Rome

TO rule the nations with a lordly sway:
 To spare the conquered and war down the
 proud—
 That was Rome's rule of action in her day
 Of might, when to her will the whole world
 bowed.

Yet her dominion was no tyranny;
 Its peace was not the peace of dull despair;
 It made for order and for equity;
 That Law should be obeyed, that was its care.

It helped to civilize the world; it bore
 Its part in the uplifting of mankind;
 It won its triumphs not alone by war,
 But by the arts too that inform the mind.

Revealed and pictured in her world-wide sway,
 Her Genius is her true panegyrist;
 For what she did and taught prepared the way,
 And ushered in the kingdom, of the Christ.

It was her last great triumph when her war
 Clashed with "The Scourge of God", and hurled
 him back;
 Shade of Aetius, lead her sons once more
 To meet and break the selfsame foe's attack.

Greece

(June 29, 1917)

AT last, at last, ye join our war,
 Sons of historic Greece;
 At last; why came ye not before,
 But chose inglorious peace?

Not yours the fault, ye say; your king
 Reckoned himself the State,
 And deemed the people's voice a thing
 Entirely out of date.

Well, it was so; the moral is
 Have rulers who obey
 Your Constitution's law, for this
 Is Liberty's one stay.

In Freedom's cause ye set at last
 Your battle in array;
 So fought your forbears in the past;
 So would they fight to-day.

Plataea, Salamis, Marathon,
 Thermopylae—each name
 Is as a voice to cheer you on:
 Is as a call and claim.

Leonidas, Miltiades,
 Themistocles—your air
 Is fragrant with their memories,
 With breath of their high dare.

Fight as they fought, who would not brook
 The invader on their coasts:
 Who flung themselves, with never a look
 Back, on the Persian hosts.

Ye Spirits of the mighty dead,
 Who kept fair Hellas free,
 March at the Hellene armies' head,
 And win them victory.

Generosa Virago

“**A** BRITISH Nurse wins Serbia's V. C.”—
 Prowess indeed! What for?
 For faithful service in the ministry
 Of the Red Cross she wore?

Well, no. Her Red Crusading ministry
 Was service good and true—
 Was, for that matter, as a chivalry,
 Faithful and valiant too.

But not as Sister Sandes did this brave soul
 Win Serbia's heart of hearts;
 'Twas as a sergeant on her army-roll,
 An Amazon of parts.

For, when the Serbs fell back, recalcitrant
 Against o'erwhelming might,
 She joined the Colours as a combatant,
 And fought as heroes fight.

“Always the first over the parapet”—
 That was her record, won

By acts of war—acts made with bayonet
And bomb—against the Hun.

The medal found her in a patients' ward,
Wounded, but full of pluck;
Britons and Serbians will, with one accord,
Wish her the best of luck.

At Cuinchy

(February 1, 1915)

MICHAEL O'LEARY—Irishmen
Must name his name with pride,
Who took one barricade, and then
Another, as in his stride.

Five Huns manned the first barricade;
He promptly slew the lot;
Two of the next cried "Kamerad";
The other three were not.

Ten against one—big odds; nathless
The one man won the day;
S. Michael must have helped, I guess,
His namesake in that fray.

He saved his mates, and, saving these,
Saved the position too;
'Twas not mere death to enemies—
That act of derring-do.

He wears the V. C. for his deed,
And wears it of his right,
For never man in time of need
Fought a more gallant fight.

Land of the Harp, you have, ywis,
 Bred many a doughty son,
 But never a stauncher son than this,
 Never a braver one.

Michael O'Leary, I would state
 That very certainly
 I'd sooner have you as a mate
 Than as an enemy.

A Royal Fusilier

UPON the eternal scroll of fame,
 By deeds that make old tales seem tame,
 Lance-Sergeant Palmer set his name.

What did he do? Nay, rather say—
 What did he not do on the day
 He broke the Prussian's fenced array?

His officers had fallen; he
 Took the command, and instantly
 Sprang to the head of his company.

Under a pom-pom's point-blank fire,
 He cut his way thro' hindering wire
 Straight to the goal of his desire.

That was the trench wherein the gun
 Was set, with many a bombing Hun;
 He, with six mates, slew every one.

Counter-attacks soon came, and one,
 The eighth, that came when he had gone
 After more bombs, brought back the Hun.

Bombed off his feet, this man of men
 Rose up, rallied his mates, and then
 Captured the lost trench once again.

Thenceforth they held it; and that stay
 Settled the issue of the fray;
 It saved the line, and won the day.

Among those who, by Heaven's grace,
 Stand forth as champions of their race,
 Palmer, you claim a front-rank place.

Two words, upon your cross engraved,
 Show what alarms of death you braved;
 What shall they add whose lives you saved?

Dardan Bay

RIGHT up the Dardanelles he went,
 'Neath five mine-lines that barred the track,
 Sent down a Turkish battleship, spent
 Nine hours submerged, and then won back.

He braved torpedo-boats, gun-fire,
 A treacherous current, and, I'm half
 Afraid, incurred the vengeful ire
 Of the whole German Naval Staff.

'Twas their head-quarters swept away;
 Guarding the mine-field, and by it
 Guarded, the warship fell a prey
 To one man's pluck and grit and wit.

He hurt no peaceful ship; not one
 Woman or child was drowned; that's how
 Lieutenant Holbrook fought the Hun;
 That's why he wears the V. C. now.

A Volcano

SHE'S not a warlike country, but,
 When Britain has to fight,
 She fights amain; five nations put
 Their strength into her might.

She wanted to dislodge the Huns
 From some well-wired trench-lines;
 She did it with 500 tons
 Of ammonal in mines.

Up in the air they, and their guns
 Were scattered wide and far;
 They found themselves, in fact—those Huns—
 Hoist with their own pétard.

Then spoke the roar of British guns,
 And forward to the attack,
 Wave after wave, swept Britain's sons,
 And thrust the Prussians back.

They rushed the line, the town, the height;
 They smashed the fenced array;
 And in the centre of the fight—
 Well, 'twas Ould Ireland's day.

Ah ye, whose cruel cannons broke
 A little land's repose,
 Now shall ye, stricken with your own stroke,
 Find ye were your own foes.

'Tis from the land you basely tore
 From those, to whom was given

Your pledge they should be safe from war,
That you are being driven.

You've put your trust in lawless might;
You've wrought all infamies;
You've sinned against all Right and Light;
Now come the penalties.

Some Private

HARRY O'HARA lay in hospital
Needing prolonged repair;
He had, in fact, some seventy wounds in all
Upon him, here and there.

A Private in the Middlesex Regiment—
How he got into it
Is not quite clear—he'd made it evident
He had the "Die-Hards' " grit.

A little man as soldiers go, he yet
Had played a hero's part;
Small tho' his body was, in it was set
A great, a Titan heart.

Far off he was, and in a foreign land,
When the war-tidings came;
He straight resolved that he must take a hand
In the great battle-game.

He joined the Sikhs in India on his way,
Changing his name to suit,
And so he got to France, where he and they,
Tho' horsemen, fought on foot.

'Twas thus that, as he fought in the front line,
 He got his wounds, and won
 The Military Medal—proof and sign
 Of duty bravely done.

The bond of camaraderie in war,
 A bond no wrench can snap,
 Obliterates race differences, for
 O'Hara is a Jap.

Meditation

WITHIN the trenches, when there's nothing doing,
 He stands and ponders;
 Is it to thoughts of billing and of cooing
 That his mind wanders?

Within some Recreation hut, or maybe
 Tent, he sits scowling;
 Is it because some French or Belgian baby
 Nearby is howling?

O no; altho' his sweetheart's not forgotten,
 Tho' babes may bawl out,
 He's thinking to himself—"O this is rotten;
 My baccy's all out".

Laconics

VALOUR and taciturnity
 Are, as it were, birds of a feather;
 At any rate it seems to be
 Fact that they often go together.

Of the first sailor Horace said
 His heart was cased in oak and copper;
 What of the A. B. found half-dead,
 And his report—"We trimmed 'em proper"?

A Stowaway

"I TRIED to get back to the Old Countree",
 He said, "ten years ago;
 But they chucked me out 'ere they left the quay,
 And used swear-words also.

"To work my passage was my intent,
 And to work I was keen and fain;
 But their language was most impertinent,
 And I never tried again.

"I'm going back now in khaki clad,
 And the fare won't trouble me,
 For, tho' no longer a beardless lad,
 I'm to fight for the Old Countree".

Pro Patria

CHILDLESS? Ah yes. We had a son—
 As fair a son as one might see;
 We hoped—he was our only one—
 He'd never leave his dad and me.

He might have won to high degree
 In many things that make men great;

Naught would content him but that he
Should be a soldier of the State.

Ah well. We let him have his way;
He fell—we feared it would be so,
But, when we think of him, we say,
“He led the charge that broke the foe”.

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